

I am the Safety glass—"TripleX"

The TATLER

Vol. CLXX. No. 2211

and **BYSTANDER**

London
November 10, 1943



BOUQUET!

JOHN JAMESON

★ ★ ★ **WHISKEY**

Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old



**By Appointment*

Cerebos

The salt of a century

Finnigans

OF BOND STREET

*the House of the Present—
gifts for every occasion*

LONDON · MANCHESTER
CAMBERLEY · TRURO

IRRECAPABLE HANDMADE MANUFACTURED SINGLY FRONT

WETHERALL



bond st sportsclothes

KLASSIC SUITS COATS ABOUT 20 gns

A name to remember

Presta

MINERAL WATERS
AND CORDIALS

—BEVERAGES OF DISTINCTION—

Change to
**THE DOCTOR'S
CEYLON TEA**

"The World's Best"

per 3/4 lb

**Grant's
Scotch
Whisky**

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

Meet me in

**FORTNUM'S
RESTAURANT**

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY



Drawing by J. Gilroy

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

THE TATLER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 10, 1943

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price: ~
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXX. No. 2211



Bertram Park

The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg is Back in Britain

H.R.H. the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg recently returned to this country after visiting the U.S.A. and Canada for the second time since her escape from Luxembourg in 1940. Her husband, Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma, seen here with her, is a liaison officer in the British Army. He and the Duchess have a family of six: two sons, of whom the eldest, Prince Jean, is twenty-one, and four daughters. Princesses Elisabeth and Marie Adelaide, seen in this picture, are now living with their parents in England. The Grand Duchess has frequently broadcast to her people in Luxembourg, and she and Prince Felix work unceasingly for the liberation of their country.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Development

TURKEY'S position in the Balkans has become vital as a result of the deliberations of the Three-Power Conference in Moscow. Otherwise, Mr. Anthony Eden would not have asked her Foreign Minister, M. Menemenjoglu, to travel to Cairo for a conference. Coincident with this call came a perceptible change in Turkey's attitude towards Germany. President Inonu was more than usually outspoken in addressing the Turkish Assembly. He accused Germany, not, of course, by name, of being actuated by the spirit of domination. Herr von Papen, the German Ambassador, who has worked ceaselessly to keep Turkey out of the war, at least, had to listen to the loud applause which greeted this condemnation of German policy.

The fact is that balanced neutrality is no longer necessary or profitable for any country. The Moscow Conference was a mile-post pointing to the future. German diplomacy, as used by the Nazis, is finished. All the cards are now in the hands of Great Britain, Soviet Russia and the United States. More than once in the recent past Turkey has seemed to be more cautious in her attitude towards Germany than was really necessary. But now the choice has been made for her.

Significant

SPAIN is not in the same position as Turkey, for she has been much more closely allied with Germany and Italy, but equally it is little use her pretending neutrality, or trying to boost Germany's stock any longer. There are

signs that General Franco recognises this only too well. In his latest utterances he has laid claim to credit for being the embodiment of the unity of Spain, which he says is more unitarian than totalitarian. In other words, the Spanish Caudillo is trying to shift his ground against the collapse of Hitler, following that of Mussolini.

General Franco is now paying close attention to the social problems of Spain, in the hope that by creating a political policy of this kind he may be able to save himself from the fate of other dictators. There has been a noticeable change, too, in the Spanish Government's general attitude to the Allies. It must not be forgotten that Portugal pointed the way to this shifting balance of diplomatic power when she ceded the Azores to Great Britain some time ago.

Decisions

THE negative results of the Three-Power Conference were in themselves of some importance. The first result to emerge was that by the general atmosphere of collaboration resulting in signed agreements any prospect of Germany obtaining a separate peace is removed. Also ended is that period of uncertainty through which Europe has gone because of the apparent mistrust which seemed to exist between Soviet Russia and her two principal allies.

If these misgivings have been pushed on one side—and there are firm indications that they have, if only for practical reasons—then the conference achieved something. On the positive side, Soviet Russia emerges as a big Power

in the post-war world by the side of Britain and the United States. At Moscow the foundations were laid for the future, and Soviet Russia for her part has accepted the same road as her allies. Marshal Stalin appeared as a dominating figure, confident as well as realistic, albeit in the background. He is credited with having devised the declaration by which Austria is urged to pull away from Germany and accept the good offices of the Allies to ensure her future. This is the first sign of Nazi Germany's dismemberment.

Continuation

THE most important decision, however, was that which led to the creation of the European Advisory Committee which will sit in London. In this body is the machinery by which future collaboration will be ensured. All the credit for this development appears to belong to Mr. Anthony Eden. It is a real statesmanlike contribution, for what is the use of agreeing to do something if the means are lacking whereby contact can be maintained. The conference in Moscow discussed a number of problems without reaching finality, and it will be for the committee to continue their



Bertram Park

New Chief of the A.T.S.

Senior Controller L. V. L. E. Whateley, C.B.E., wife of S/Ldr. Raymond Whateley, has succeeded Chief Controller J. M. Knox as Chief Controller and Director of the A.T.S. She is a granddaughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

examination and make recommendations.

Apparently Viscount Cranborne is the most likely British nominee on the committee. His experience in the Foreign Office and at Geneva will be of great value to him in this work. Lord Cranborne's influence in the Conservative Party and in the Government increases every day. He is a man of considerable talents, and qualities of statesmanship. He is regarded as one of the best Dominion Secretaries there have been for many years. But it is his capacity to assess a situation in proper political perspective which is his greatest asset or, shall I say, inheritance. He promises to be one of the great Cecils.



Famous Artists Entertain Troops in Malta

Solomon, the world-famous pianist, was one of the artists to visit Malta recently, entertaining the troops. He is seen with some of the audience after playing at Command Fair, the troops' recreational centre

Gracie Fields, while in Malta, sang to patients in a hospital ward, and seems to have had her usual success. Other variety artists to visit the island included George Formby, the Western Brothers and Wee Georgie Wood

Unrest

AGAINST the background of the Moscow Conference, and the retreat of the German armies in Russia, there are reiterated rumours of unrest in Germany. In some cities it has been reported that the disturbances have compelled the authorities to declare a state of emergency. This seems hardly necessary in a country which was put into a strait-jacket when the Nazis came to power, and has been in a state of emergency since the war started.

The Nazis need no new measures to deal with those who might oppose them. They have an old-fashioned custom which they have never hesitated to use. They cut off their heads. It cannot be any different even at this critical stage of the war. The recent conferences of service commanders and party officials, of gauleiters, and members of the judiciary were called for the precise purpose of organising the control of the home front. It is safe to assume that at these conferences all the plans were made for dealing with the slightest sign of disturbance.

Caution

HEADLINES reporting disturbances in Germany can cause optimism to rise in almost any heart after four years of war. But there are important considerations to be borne in mind in responding too easily to this form of pleasure. Whatever else may be said of Hitler, he was responsible for organising the greatest and the strongest and the most ruthless political organisation we have seen in modern times in any country. There is nothing to show that the Nazi Party has lost its grip. Indeed, all the indications are to the contrary, otherwise the Army leaders would not have been joined in conference with the party leaders some time ago.

By his policy of ruthless efficiency and disregard of any of the rights of human liberty the Nazi Party has not allowed any form of opposition to develop in Germany. How, then, is it possible for there to be in existence any body of men capable of causing any large-scale disturbance? I do not say that it is not possible for this to happen eventually, but at the moment I very much doubt it. I have always believed that the collapse of Germany in this war will come not from among the ordinary people, but from some person in the Nazi hierarchy who is prompted to risk all in a bid to save his country. Another kind of Hess.

Mr. Eden Congratulates Troops in the Middle East

Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, spent a few days in Cairo on his way to take part in the Three-Power Conference in Moscow. He visited units of several British regiments and congratulated these members of a rifle regiment who distinguished themselves in the Tunisian campaign

Armistice

THE most vital work waiting for the European Advisory Committee will be connected with the arrangements which must be made to deal with any appeal for an armistice which may come from Germany. It is essential that the Allies should have a joint plan ready which has been firmly agreed as to the form of military occupation of Germany, her disarmament, the treatment of war criminals, and the form of organisation which will control the country in the period immediately after the war. There will be the problems, too, of other countries seeking peace particularly Balkan countries. It is in this respect that Turkey has been compelled to reconsider her position.

Atrocities

IT was the late General Sikorski's idea that those German officers and men responsible

for atrocities should be sent back to the countries in which they had committed their foul deeds to be punished accordingly. But there seems little doubt that the language of the declaration was Churchillian. The three Allied Powers will pursue the guilty men "... to the uttermost ends of the earth, and will deliver them to the accusers in order that justice may be done." To this is added a typical Churchillian warning addressed to those who have not so far "imbrued" their hands.

At the end of the last war there were some trials of German officers accused of committing atrocities. These took place at Leipzig and were conducted by the German authorities with the result that there was no adequate punishment. Obviously the Allies are not going to allow this to occur again.



Sir Frederick Handley Page, C.B.E., Managing Director of Handley Page, Ltd., sat next to Capt. Sir William Brass, M.P. for Clitheroe. Sir William was a former Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Transport and the Minister of Aircraft Production



Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., former A.O.C.-in-C. Coastal Command, was a guest, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond, G.C.B., K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., was his neighbour at the luncheon

Distinguished Guests at a Luncheon of the Air League of the British Empire

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

I Bluff, Thou Bluffest . . .

By James Agate

REALISING that nobody is so gammonable as your highbrow film critic, Mr. Orson Welles continues to bluff. On the occasion of *Journey Into Fear* (Astoria) the *Tatler* proposes to "call" Mr. Welles. What, in this picture, does he hold? Mr. Welles's cards being put upon the table, they appear to consist of a mildly interesting story rather below the Phillips Oppenheim level. Now let me abandon the poker analogy. On what exactly does Mr. Welles rely? First, on the spectator's insufficient holding in logic. A subtle argument is an argument difficult to follow. But a muddled trend of events is also difficult to follow. Therefore, says Mr. Welles, whatever is muddled must be subtle. Yes, this idol of the highbrows is no master of the "undistributed middle." Did not our highest-browed critic claim great virtue for *Citizen Kane* on the ground that nobody knew that the object burnt in the first shot was a sledge? Did not Mr. Welles's representative over here say that every American would know it was a sledge and that it was an oversight on Mr. Welles's part not to realise that English audiences were unfamiliar with sledges? Was that highbrow critic abashed at this frank admission? Not at all. Was there any retraction? No. We were still to see in our doubts about the object a symbol of that twilight in which you and I, dear reader, dimly know each other.

go to the American Consul? And why doesn't the American Consul put him on an American boat in care of the captain? Or on an American plane in charge of a trustworthy pilot? Instead the silly fellow puts himself in the care of a couple of cabaret performers, takes a Levantine cargo boat and finally lands up at Batum where he has a revolver duel with the two murderers who have dogged him throughout the picture. He satisfactorily disposes of both of them. But there is a third person who, also becoming shot, falls backwards through a window and whose identity is as obscure to me as that of the Third Murderer in *Macbeth*. And here we hit on one of the cards in Mr. Welles's hand—the card of obscurity. It is too dark to see who is this third murderer. But then it has been too dark throughout to see who anybody is. And the noise! Not since the early days of the spoken film have I heard all the characters in a picture bellow like sea-lions. This, of course, made it very difficult to hear what was said. (The same phenomenon can still be observed at every railway terminus and at most Tube stations.) Not being a technician I am unable to say whether the fault is that of reception or transmission. I know only that I am a regular visitor to the Astoria, and that this is the first time I have had any difficulty in hearing.

WHERE Mr. Welles shows himself a past master at bluffing the highbrows is in the

distance, out of the corner of his eye, sideways, upside down, and, of course, always in the dark; even the cabaret scene takes place by the light of what appears to be a farthing dip. This picture has been enormously praised because the rain gets on to the glasses of the chief murderer—a simple fact which every golfer who wears spectacles has known since he teed up his first ball. I am therefore but moderately impressed with it. What intrigues me much more is why the murderer should have waited for a thunderstorm and a seventh-story window-ledge in Batum to do that for which he had scores of opportunities on the ground-floor on any fine day in Istanbul. As for terror and suspense, I didn't find in the whole of this pretentious piece of hugaboo a single moment of near-trepidation. In fact I found it all intensely boring, and but for the sharp elbows of my neighbours I might easily have gone to sleep.

The notabilities in this film are Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles himself and Dolores del Rio. Presumably they act well. It was too dark to see.

Now, *Voyager* (Warner) is a cheery little trifle lasting two hours and a quarter; the subject is nervous breakdown. It appears that the last unwanted child of a marriage is necessarily plain, and liable, when bullied by her mother, to become a candidate for a sanatorium. Charlotte Vale is the unwanted child who goes to the sanatorium, from which she emerges not only cured but beautiful! She falls in love with a married man, goes bats again, and on learning that the man has a daughter bullied by her mother as she formerly was, returns to the Home where she finds the child. Nursing the kid back to health she forgets her own *malaise* and finally becomes head nurse at the establishment, which she proceeds to endow with some of the fortune she has inherited from her mother. (Why the second sadistic mother couldn't die and leave the way clear for the unhappy lovers was a mystery.) Instead they decided that if they couldn't have the moon they must put up with the stars. Meaning week-ends at Palm Beach? No, reader. This is an intensely proper film. Bette Davis is excellent as the *belle laide*. Paul Heinreid is the unhappy husband. I take him to be an Austrian, as he speaks basic Walbrook quite perfectly. Anybody who has lived at Swiss Cottage will know what I mean. There is a first-rate performance by Gladys Cooper as the tyrannical mother, and Claude Rains once more shows his capacity for being better than the film. The music is said to be by Max Steiner, though I think acknowledgements should have been made to Tchaikowsky and Wagner. The picture shows a certain dalliance with the Orson Welles method, since in her first shot we see Bette's legs descending an elaborate staircase. But they haven't got it right. You can actually distinguish between Bette's legs and the balusters. This, of course, is because Warner's director has a preference for lighting his subjects. In the Welles penumbra you wouldn't have been able to tell flesh from marble.



"Journey Into Fear" is Orson Welles's Latest Production

"Journey Into Fear" is the story of an American engineer (Joseph Cotten) engaged in the modernising of ships of the Turkish Navy. The Nazis plan to delay the work in Istanbul as long as possible, and conspire to take the American's life. He is smuggled aboard a Greek ship bound for Batum, but once at sea, he discovers among the passengers several whom he knows to be Nazi agents. He confides in the captain, who laughs at his fears. At Batum he is able to outwit his Nazi followers and escape with his life. Above left: Jack Durant as Gogo, a Nazi dancer; Irene Tedrow as a Greek refugee; Joseph Cotten; and Dolores del Rio as Gogo's partner. Right: Joseph Cotten and the ship's captain, Richard Bennett

THE story of Mr. Welles's latest film would not begin to be interesting if it were told in a straightforward manner. Therefore Mr. Welles must tell it unintelligibly, relying on us to interpret that unintelligibility as subtlety. An American engineer wants to get out of Turkey with some valuable secrets. The Nazis wish to prevent this and decide to murder him. Then why doesn't the American engineer

exploitation of their gullibility in the matter of the "cinematic." It is for this reason that you see his figures in mirrors, at the ends of corridors, through port-holes, or descending sides of liners at impossible angles. This is why, when a horse comes into the picture, all you are allowed to see is its belly. It is not what the characters are doing that matters, but the fact that the spectator sees them at a

YOU may or not think that *Hi Diddle Diddle* (New Gallery) is an amusing frisk. The only certain thing to be said about it is that it was an enormous mistake to bring back Pola Negri, who is an extremely accomplished actress and moreover a grown woman. And for the very good reason that in both capacities she makes rings round the incompetent and undersized ninnies who pass for screen stars today.



The activities of Sally Maitland (Anna Neagle), daughter of a distinguished British family, include the signalling by torch to German bombers. Desperately determined, her aim with a gun is as accurate as her Morse with a torch

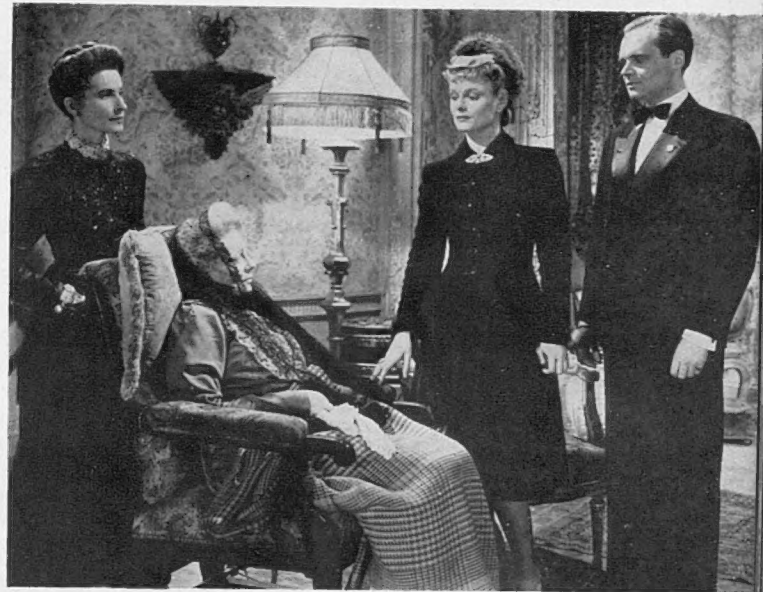
On The Secret List

If You Want To Know The Plot Of
"Yellow Canary", You Must See The Film

By the expressed wish of producer Herbert Wilcox the plot of *Yellow Canary* may not be divulged. It is his desire that audiences should see for themselves. The film is described as having "action, speed and exciting melodrama with a shock-surprise ending. . . . It is the story of a beautiful English girl, member of a loyal family all serving in the armed forces, who is hated, feared, ridiculed and hunted on land and sea as a friend and tool of the Nazis." Anna Neagle and Richard Greene are the stars with Nova Pilbeam, Lucie Mannheim, and Albert Lieven. A little light relief is provided by Cyril Fletcher



Under instructions from the British authorities, Sally is ordered to leave England. Aboard ship en route for Canada, she meets a young naval officer, travelling incognito (Richard Greene), and a Polish officer (Albert Lieven), who is on his way to visit his sick mother in the Dominion



From the first, Sally shows a marked preference for the Pole, and when they reach Canada she is taken by him to visit his mother (Lucie Mannheim)



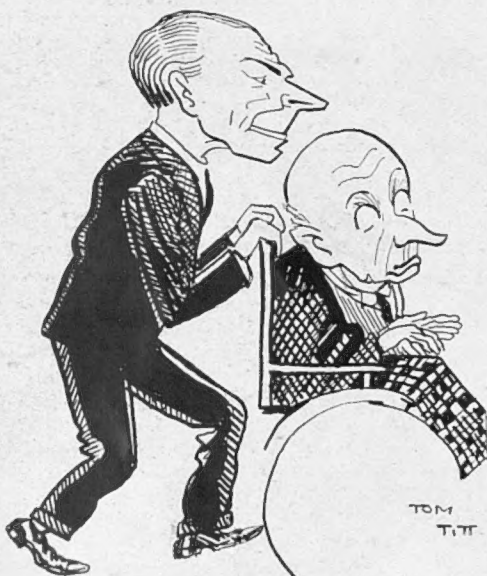
The Pole's anti-Nazi sentiments conflict with Sally's frequently professed pro-Nazi sympathy, and this finally leads to distrust between the friends



Sally suffers for her daring when she is shot. The doctors hold out little hope for her recovery—but the final word is not with them. There is producer Herbert Wilcox to be reckoned with. How he solves the problem is for you to find out



Memories of long ago are revived when the retired schoolmistress finds her guest from London slums wearing a head-dress which belonged to her son killed in World War I (Ronald Langdon, Susan Richmond)



The traveller in silk stockings is in clover when he is taken on as manservant to old Mr. Veness (Ivor Barnard, Lawrence Hanray)



The eternal triangle is not solved by the introduction of ex-husband to would-be husband. Catherine Lisle, torn between a strange loyalty to Christopher Lisle and a still stranger love for Alan Crocker finds the ultimate decision no easier as a result (Ronald Simpson, Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Golden)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Dark River (Whitehall)

ABSENCE, they say, makes the heart grow fonder, and exile deepens the longing for home. Subtler, more deeply hidden longings, they tell us, are a common malady. These may range from unconscious desire to return to carefree childhood, to regret for more adult havens of lost happiness and content. Appreciating the dramatic possibilities of such a theme, Mr. Rodney Ackland has made it the basis of this play; and in devising its plot and choosing its characters, he pays reflective compliments to Chekov. That is to say the characters themselves, rather than the situations in which they are placed, provide the play's outstanding interest. They are chosen and assembled, one feels, more for their temperamental affinities than from deference to what may be called the laws of probable propinquity. Moreover, the eponymous river, on whose banks the scene is set, is dark indeed; so dark that the proximity of the Thames seems merely a picturesque coincidence that gives colour to the underlying symbolism. Perhaps Time, that ever-rolling stream, is implied; certainly not Lethe, river of forgetfulness, for the closest bond between the characters is their common inability to forget the past. They are, with unimportant exceptions, deeply infected with nostalgia.

THE scene is an old house on a backwater of the Thames, once the schoolhouse of Catherine, the heroine, who comes there with her friend Gwendolen to spend the summer. Her purpose is to convalesce, so to speak, from two recent misfortunes: the accident that has ended her stage career as a dancer, and her divorce from Christopher, the charming but incompatible husband she cannot forget. Incidentally, she hopes to make up her mind about Alan who loves her, and wishes to marry her now that she is legally free.

It is the spring of 1937. The house is delightfully unchanged. She remembers and appreciates everything. Her schoolmistress, who still lives there, in retirement with her senile father, is herself, only more so. The old familiar tags still flavour her speech; the oddity of her manner has become more pronounced. To our first sight and hearing, she is an engaging tragic comedian, an impulsive eccentric; one of those amusingly dishevelled, slightly cracked figures of acid fun which Mr. Ackland draws and articulates with such wry sympathy.

Rejoicing in the familiar atmosphere, the house, the garden, the timeless stagnation, Catherine settles down to write her

autobiography as a distraction from more recent memories that oppress her imagination.

Not so poor Gwendolen, her intimate, frankly bored companion. This once Bright Young Thing, now left high and (usually) dry, is thrown upon her own heartrendingly inadequate resources. Growing fear of the future embitters her comparison of past and present. She is witty rather than resigned; a cadger whose purse is always mislaid at disbursing moments. Moreover, she is a disparaging critic of Alan, Catherine's serious-minded admirer, and does her best to get Catherine off with the new love and on again with the old.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The girl-friend, a determined relic of the Bright Young Things, welcomes the American producer as relief from the general dreariness of the house (Nadine March, Wilfrid Walter)

Add an ex-Service pedlar, who calls to sell stockings and is impulsively engaged (again for nostalgic reasons) to tend the senile old man; a blithe but unbiddable cockney schoolboy, and a visiting American film producer, and this strange orchestra of retrospective sentimentalists is complete.

CATHERINE'S voyage on the dark river proves to be a vacillating adventure. The navigation is tortuous; and but for the charming sensibility of Miss Peggy Ashcroft, who plays her beautifully, Catherine's shilly-shallying, and the repetitive situations, might have become more than a little tedious. Miss Nadine March makes capital entertainment out of Gwendolen, and Miss Susan Richmond's portrayal of the old schoolmistress is both plausible and distinguished.

The characterisation of the women seemed to me more persuasive than that of the men. And while much of the play's detail—the witty dialogue, and many shrewd touches of inventive skill—make clear Mr. Ackland's desire to present a serious work of dramatic art, its achievement was handicapped, I felt, by narrative redundancies and a lack of sustained creative impulse in his handling of the theme.



John Vickers

Disaster at Sea Introduces Democracy

Just forty-one years after its first production at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1902, James M. Barrie's comedy, *The Admirable Crichton*, has been revived at His Majesty's. Barrie's conception of democracy (early twentieth-century vintage—and how near dictatorship it can appear) is retold in the story of the family butler, the admirable Crichton, and his reverses of fortune according to environment and the dictates of fate. Miss Diana Churchill (left above) appears as Lady Mary Lasenby, the part created by Dame Irene Vanbrugh, and Jean Compton Mackenzie (right above) as her sister, Lady Catherine. Jean Compton Mackenzie comes of a gifted family. She is the daughter of Frank Compton and the niece of Fay Compton and of Compton Mackenzie. She is married to Arthur Howard, the late Leslie Howard's brother, who is now with the R.A.F. in the Middle East. She is not as yet well known in this country, for most of her theatre experience has been in the States (where she was born) and in Canada.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Revival of a Great Tradition

A CENTURIES-OLD tradition has been revived by the King in the appointment of W/Cdr. J. E. Pelly-Fry, D.S.O., as a temporary equerry attached to the Royal Household. W/Cdr. Pelly-Fry is a distinguished member of our first flight of bomber pilots, with a very fine record of successful attacks on the enemy to his credit. It is known that he took part in the raid on the radio station at Eindhoven, in Holland, but many of his most daring exploits must of necessity remain secret for the time being. At the end of his three months as equerry, W/Cdr. Pelly-Fry is to be followed by other officers drawn equally from the three Services; names of candidates for the honour will be submitted to His Majesty by the Service chiefs through the appropriate Ministries, and it is on their fighting record, rather than on any question of family or precedence, that war equeries will be appointed. In this way

Well-Known Stranger

A VERY well-known member of the King's pre-war household, but now very much a stranger in London, has been in town recently. He is Major Michael Adeane, of the Coldstream Guards, a grandson of Lord Stamfordham, who in his day was a famous Royal secretary. Following in his distinguished grandfather's footsteps, Major Adeane has the peacetime appointment of Assistant Private Secretary to the King. At one time he was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada, and in 1939 married Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton, a kinswoman of Viscount Chetwynd. He has one son, now rising four.

Entertaining Allies

SOME of the best and most interesting parties given in London these days are those organised with the primary idea of making friends from overseas feel at home. Prominent among those hostesses who have done so much in this direction is the Hon. Lady Hardinge, wife of Sir Alexander Hardinge, who held the very important post of Private Secretary to the King until he was forced to resign owing to ill-health a few months ago. Lady Hardinge has lent her charming house in St. James's Palace for a dozen or more of these parties, all of which are part of the hospitality arrangements made by the Victoria League, of which Lady Hardinge's cousin, the Duchess of Devonshire, is Chairman. Officers and other ranks—both men and women—from all the Dominions and the United States are entertained. The most recent of these parties took place a few days ago. Mr. Noel Coward was the star turn in a very unusual "cabaret," which ended with Miss Harriet Cohen playing classical music, in strong contrast to Mr. Coward's amusing songs. Organ music by Dr. Stanley Roper, the King's organist, who played in the unlighted Chapel Royal just across the courtyard from the Hardinges' house, was another out-of-the-ordinary and much-appreciated feature of the party. South Africans were prominent among the Service guests.



Country Christening

The second son of Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh was christened Anthony Michael at Send Church, Surrey. Lord Erleigh is in the Queen's Bays, and won the M.C. in 1940. With them is their elder son, Simon

Lord Harlech, British High Commissioner in the Union, is a great believer in the imperial value of these get-together wartime occasions, and Lady Harlech, herself Chairman of the Victoria League before she went out to South Africa, has done a great deal in the Dominion itself in looking after the comfort and interests of Empire troops in every theatre of war.

Gifted Housewife

BACK from a holiday visit to Scotland, Kathleen, Lady Drogheda is once more at her Chesterfield House home. She has been staying with Mrs. Arbuthnot Leslie at



Poole, Dublin

Three in Ireland

Sir John and Lady Prichard-Jones were married in 1937, and their son and heir was born this year. They were photographed at Donore, Co. Westmeath, home of Sir Walter and Lady Nugent, Lady Prichard-Jones's parents

proximity to the King's person and membership of his entourage will once again become a mark of Royal favour for distinguished service in the field, just as it was, centuries ago, in the glorious days of Crecy and Agincourt.

The King has three regular equeries on his staff, and at this time all of them are over age for active service. There is Captain Sir Harold Campbell, D.S.O., R.N., who is also Groom of the Robes; Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, to whom also belong the duties of Master of the Household; and Colonel Dermot McMurrough Kavanagh, who, as Crown Equerry, is responsible for all Royal cars, carriages and horses and is also riding master-in-chief to the two Princesses.



Swaebe

Mrs. T. P. Butler

The wife of Major Thomas Pierce Butler, Grenadier Guards (who escaped recently from an Italian prison camp), was Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston before her marriage. A picture of Major Butler appears on page 179



Posthumous Award

At a recent Investiture, Lady Shiffner, accompanied by her son, Sir Henry Shiffner, Bt., received the O.B.E. awarded posthumously to her husband, the late Major Sir Henry Shiffner, R.A., killed on active service in 1941



A Christening Ceremony in Middlesex

The christening took place at St. Martin's, Ruislip, of Penelope Ann, daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. J. R. Gordon-Finlayson. Miss Eileen Jacobs (godmother) and W/Cdr. Beresford (proxy for W/Cdr. Wykenham-Barnes) are seen here with the parents and baby. W/Cdr. Gordon-Finlayson, son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, won the D.S.O. and D.F.C. for "outstanding leadership and skill," and holds also the Greek D.F.C. His squadron was the first to land on Greek soil

lovely Lickley Head at Inch, near Aberdeen, an old castle dating back to the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century. There Lady Drogheda helped with the harvesting, shot grouse and later plucked and prepared them for the oven, and did quite a lot of cooking. As all her friends know, Lady Drogheda is a most excellent cook and turns out the most wonderful dishes, frequently from little-known recipes she has collected on her travels abroad. In her flat in town, she not only does the cooking, but nearly all the housework too, not least among her chores being the necessarily very careful dusting of her precious Tang and Sung

Chinese figures which she brought back from a world tour.

Domesticity is not the only thing in which Lady Drogheda is more than usually gifted. She is an excellent big-game shot and a great flying enthusiast—she flew with Colonel Cody and was probably one of the first women ever to travel by air (she was certainly the first woman to be decorated with the C.B.E. for work in connection with air propaganda in the early days of flying). During the first part of the war she collected and drove ambulances in France, but was forced to give this up and come home when she contracted blood-poisoning.



Two Recent Engagements of Note

Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Earl of Radnor and of Mrs. M. W. W. Selby-Lowndes, announced her engagement in October to Mr. Kenneth Darrall-Rew, Irish Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Darrall-Rew



Mrs. Marjorie Katharine Hacket Pain, widow of Major Hacket Pain, Irish Guards, and twin daughter of Lord George Scott, is to marry Mr. Adam Bell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of Stubb House, Winston, Co. Durham

A Great Adventure

POSTED as missing for three months after Dunkirk, three and a quarter years in a German prison camp, and now at last safely home again, is the potted adventure story of Miss Cynthia Elliott, only daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Elliott. Within those few phrases lies a wealth of adventure such as is grasped by few of us in a lifetime. With Mrs. Muriel Scott Hewitt and Mrs. M. L. Paterson, Cynthia Elliott was captured by the Germans when serving in a mobile canteen unit with the French Army in June 1940. She spent her time in prison nursing British wounded. Now she is taking a short rest in the country, after which she is planning to take up some war work—not nursing. Tall, dark and attractive, Miss Elliott had one of those brilliant coming-out balls at Sunderland House which were such a feature of "coming-out" in pre-war days. The occasion is specially marked in my memory because, if I remember rightly, Miss Elliott had a motor-car accident only a few hours before she took her place at her mother's side at the top of that famous white marble, double-branched staircase in what had been the Marlborough mansion. Miss Elliott's brother, Major Alexander Elliott, is married to Lord Jersey's younger sister. Another brother, Gilbert, unfortunately lost his life in the early days of the war when attempting to rescue a brother R.A.F. officer whose plane crashed and caught fire. Gilbert Elliott's death was a great loss to British aviation, for he was



London Wedding

Major Geoffrey Derek Hanbury Paule, R.E., son of Colonel and Mrs. H. Paule, of Widford, Ware, married Miss Diana Catherine Barclay, youngest daughter of Mr. John Barclay, of New York, and Mrs. Barclay, of Bishopric Court, Horsham, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

a pioneer who, even before the war, owned and flew his own helicopter—or should it more correctly be autogiro?

Sale of Lace

EXQUISITE pieces of lace have been made up into really useful things such as blouses, cot covers, layettes and cushions—what wonderful Christmas presents they will make!—for the sale in aid of the Red Cross which is to be held at Claridge's on the 18th and 19th of this month. To make arrangements and discuss procedure, Marie, Lady Willingdon gave a tea-party at her home in Lygon Place to the stall-holders a few days ago. Some of the lace is

(Concluded on page 184)



The Love of an American for a Girl of Loyalist Spain is Portrayed by Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman

“For Whom the Bell Tolls”

Ernest Hemingway's 1940 Best-Seller of Spanish Guerrilla Warfare Brings Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman Together Under Sam Wood's Direction

● For three years Paramount have been filming Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—three years during which director-producer Sam Wood has concentrated heart, mind and energy into translating Hemingway's story, as Hemingway wrote it, on to the screen. The result you can see at the Carlton, where it is scheduled to run for many months. Ingrid Bergman's performance as Maria confirms the earlier impression given by her in *Casablanca* that here is an actress who really can act, whose beauty is not a thing of external make-up, but rather an inner radiance so rare in Hollywood productions as to be almost unknown. Her love scenes with the American newspaperman, Robert Jordan (Gary Cooper), are exquisitely sensitive and sincere. Written with the authentic background of the Spanish Civil War, the film gives Katina Paxinou, the great Greek tragedienne, her first screen role, and to this she brings an intimate understanding of the hardships, the horror and the heroism that is war



The guerrilla leaders are Pablo (Akim Tamiroff), left, and his woman, Pilar (Katina Paxinou). Their mountain retreat is constantly menaced by German and Italian planes, as the enemy have heard of the Loyalist plans to blow up a bridge vital to their campaign



Three days together is all the time an unkind fate allows Jordan and Maria in which to share the love of a lifetime. Meanwhile, both must continue the ordinary routine of their lives, which for Maria means feeding the men of Pablo's band



When Robert Jordan, American newspaperman (Gary Cooper), joins the fight against Fascism, he links himself with a band of mountain guerrillas. Among the band is Maria (Ingrid Bergman), a refugee from Fascist Spain. Their idyllic love for each other is thrown into sharp relief by the stark realism of their surroundings

The terror of the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) is typified by this scene in which the mayor of a captured town is stoned, beaten and thrown to his death by a Loyalist mob



The dynamiting of the bridge is in Jordan's hands. With the help of an old peasant, Anselmo (Vladimir Sokoloff), he fixes the charges while the guerrillas hold off a Nationalist counter-attack

In the explosion Jordan is hurt. Maria, terrified, rushes to his side. Jordan persuades Pablo and Pilar to take her away. He says: "You're all there will ever be of me now. Take care of our life." With a machine-gun at his side, Jordan waits alone for the Fascists. The curtain falls as his steady hand squeezes the trigger. A bell tolls . . . it tolls for suffering humanity

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RESTORATION ghosts being far more decorative than Edwardian or even Victorian ghosts, we were mildly surprised to find a gossip going whimsy over the glories of the old Tivoli Music Hall, on the site of the present Tivoli Cinema in the Strand, and not even mentioning the much gayer New Exchange which stood precisely in the same place.

It was the fashionable and frivolous Restoration version of the Royal Exchange, with an open paved arcade on the Strand and walks of expensive shops above, where brazen minxes sold fancy goods, lace, perfumes, jewellery and millinery and flirted with the Rangers and Mirabells and other rakes and fops of the town. Every Restoration comedy mentions the New Exchange, also frequented by that indispensable type of *intrigante* called "Mrs. Joyner" or "Mrs. Engine" and generally described by the merry playwright boys as "a Match-maker, or precise City Bawd." It seems incredible nowadays that the cheerless Strand could ever have held such a gay raffish company; still more incredible that the Maypole then stood permanently opposite Somerset House, and Drury Lane was full of trulls and mopsies all a-blowing and a-brawling.

Tonic

THAT high tension Restoration gaiety is mostly illusion, we guess. Those careless boys and girls in silks and

satins were no more spared the burden of existence than their bowlerhatted piefaced descendants of 1943. Even the fun of cuckoldng rich City aldermen must have palled quite soon on "brains of feathers and hearts of lead" (Pope). We're saying this to encourage you. We feel you get too easily depressed and terrified every time the jazz-band stops. *Hardi, drollos!* as the Gascons say. Maybe Aunt Beveridge will abolish the ache of the ages yet.

Cut

VERY shy, twittering gently with a slate-grey rump—it might describe almost any B.B.C. Talks don. Actually it's Auntie *Times's* Nature boy's accurate description of the fieldfare, now visiting us in large numbers from Scandinavia.

What Auntie's boy tactfully passed over, and what secretly perturbs and hurts us down in the Hick Belt, is the fact that the fieldfare stubbornly refuses to breed in England. Snobbery, we guess. We're not good enough for that shy grey-rumped little basket, it seems. Mixing with us would contaminate the fieldfare's young, maybe (and judging by recent revelations about Piccadilly by night, the fieldfare may be right at that). It's a puzzling shock



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Got any post-war plans?"

nevertheless to be treated thus by one of our beastly little feathered chums, and the great Gilbert White himself went broody over it. Even to-day masses of the citizenry believe the Race to be greatly revered by most foreigners, feathered and otherwise, in spite of what Lord Salisbury said. That sceptic bemused everybody in the 1880's by remarking that "a portentous mixture of bounce and baseness" was unfortunately the prevailing estimate of the British character all over Europe. Naturally nobody decent believed this. Fieldfares seem to, however.

Down South we have a simple method of countering their *morgue* and *hauteur*, namely by telling the Nature boys they're chaff-chaffs. The fieldfare pretends to ignore this, but by Heaven it stings. The shamed look in those supercilious little eyes!

Interlude

TALKING (as a chap was recently) of military toughness, the current story of the Gurkha Subadar seems to us not unconnected; and if you've heard it already keep still, and do not shuffle petulantly with those enormous feet.

The subadar, whose men were practising air-jumping, came to the senior R.A.F. officer during the day, saluted smartly, and said: "Sir, may I ask if my men may jump at 100 feet henceforth instead of 300?" To which the R.A.F. officer replied: "Subadar sahib, at 100 feet their parachutes will be no good." To which the Gurkha answered: "Sir, I did not know that parachutes were required at this stage," saluted smartly and returned to his men.

All right, it's a Boer War story. All right, it's a Crimean story. All right, then. Get Nanny to tell you the story of how Peter Rabbit went to tea with the Owl Princess, who turned out to be a badger named Jukes or Joad or something.

Sport

NOVEMBER, as one of the Fleet Street boys recalled, is the month in which according to an old French saw, the English hang themselves most. It's a Nordic sport dating from the late sixteenth century.

He might have added that this used to shock the frivolous French

(Concluded on page 174)



"Commando tactics are five guineas a term extra"



Harley
The Hon. Mrs. Macalpine is working in the Foreign Relations department of the British Red Cross. She is Lord Bethell's eldest daughter, and the wife of Lt.-Col. Ian Ferguson Macalpine, whom she married in 1930



Pearl Freeman
Lady Antoinette Conyngham is serving in the W.R.N.S. She is the Marquess of Conyngham's only daughter, and has two brothers, the Earl of Mount-Charles, in the Irish Guards, and Lord John Conyngham, a Naval cadet



Lenore
Lady Child, wife of Capt. Sir John Child, Coldstream Guards, is a member of the British Red Cross. She is a Canadian, and was formerly Miss Sheila Mathewson, of Montreal. She has two daughters

Women in Uniform



Lenore
Mrs. Brian Fitzgerald is Branch Control Officer of the City and County of London Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. She is a daughter of Major Charles Hesketh Fleetwood-Hesketh



Bertram Park
Miss Kathleen de Villiers is a Lieutenant in the South African W.A.A.F. attached to the R.A.F. She is the adopted daughter of General Smuts, and came to England in September. She is twenty-two years old



Dorothy Wilding
The Hon. Patricia White, only daughter of Lord and Lady Annaly, is a L.A.C.W. in the W.A.A.F. She is a god-daughter of the Queen, to whom, when Duchess of York, Lady Annaly was an Extra Lady-in-Waiting

Standing By ...

(Continued)

profoundly, as Slogger Edward ("Night Thoughts") Young remarked, scolding the race in the eighteenth century:

O Britain! infamous for suicide!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the Continent!

Another thing which shocked the French at the same period was the average British stage-comedy, which rarely got past the French Censor owing to its brutal coarseness, blasphemy, and immoral attitude towards family life, matrimony, and other matters. This was long before the Folies-Bergère and kindred shows made it a duty for the Race to be present in thousands in order to tell people at home how awful the French were. The Folies-Bergère is of course one of the many side-products of the Third Republic which incline some thoughtful chaps to believe that French civilisation ended with Louis XVI. The Action Française boys have never been our tea, but when they say this they are probably right.

Prospect

WHETHER cricket and bigamy, the Island Race's present national sports, are taking the place suicide once occupied we don't know. The M.C.C.'s attitude towards the sister game is a bit cagey so far. Maybe in the New Utopia every Test cricketer will have two or three or more wives, of repellent aspect, and they will all be kept in purdah during matches behind the Pavilion at Lord's, partitioned according to social caste. This will not enchant the Members' Stands.

"Lot o' damned women cacklin'—Oh, held, Sir!"

"Climbin' up the bars, they say. Why doesn't the Committee—Oh, nice cut, Sir!"

"Wouldn't have happened in Trumper's time."

"Eh?"

"Trumper."

"Wouldn't call 'em that, old boy. Only bigamy after all, damn it."

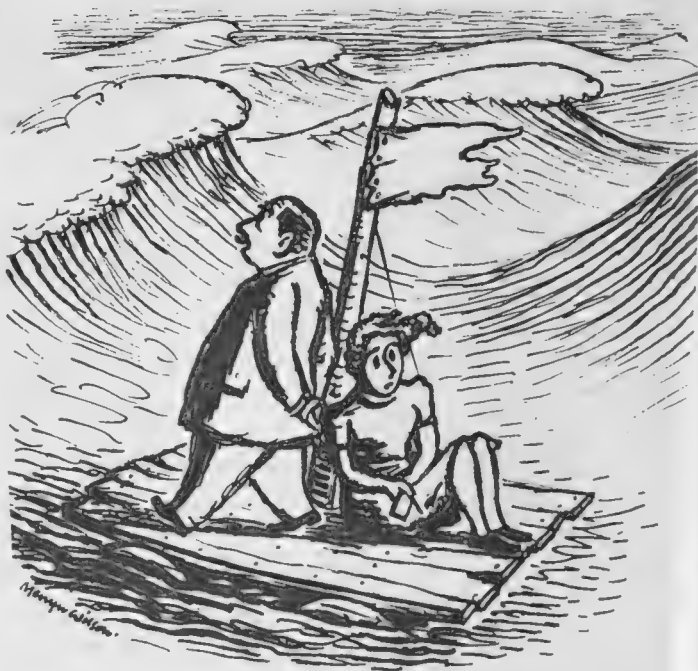
Meanwhile bigamy will be put on a County footing and chaps will marry for Kent. Patience, fleas, the night is long (Old Spanish Proverb).

Query

THAT interesting £1,500,000 scheme for heating every house in Bristol at the touch of a switch raises the question whether a warm citizen of Bristol is nicer than a cold citizen of Bristol. This has never been decided.

In Bristol's golden age the cold citizens sailed to the Americas and the Indies and brought back slaves, rum, and tobacco which the warm citizens of Bristol bought and sold at a whacking profit. The cold citizen wore tarry breeks and a pig-tail and used vile language, the warm citizen wore a powdered wig and was a monster of smugness. The conversation of each type was tedious to a degree, no doubt. On the one hand, a perpetual "Rot and shiver my guts," on the other a sustained rumbling about ullage and bills of lading. On the one hand, a lot of stuff, probably lies, about the Dry Tortugas, keelhauling, walking the plank, binnacles, barbecues, bloodshed, and so forth, on the other a long Big Business monologue of deathly uninterest.

In two hundred years this may have changed, of course, and a constant flow of sparkling epigram and subtle persiflage may proceed from warm and cold citizens of Bristol alike, combined with magnetic charm and a really lovely nature. The only citizen of Bristol we know personally has all this, and is invariably warm except for his feet and nose. You see how confusing this problem is, and how insoluble. Those two American social-scientists who recently analysed the entire life of a typical small Middle Western town and put everything down in black-and-white didn't say which of its citizens were nice to know. Maybe none of them. Oh, I say, what?



"If we had a bottle, you could take a letter"

Row

CREATING hell in a first-class country hotel recently over the execrable cookery he was expected to pay for, a chap we know says that what impressed him most was not the fawning subservience of a once-cynical staff, but the wellbred horror of the other Nordics present.

As is well known in the trade, the Island Race will meekly devour anything that is slung at it by restaurateurs. Moreover, it thinks that to complain furiously to waiters, to call for managers, and to rampage into the kitchen if necessary and tick off the chef is not cricket.

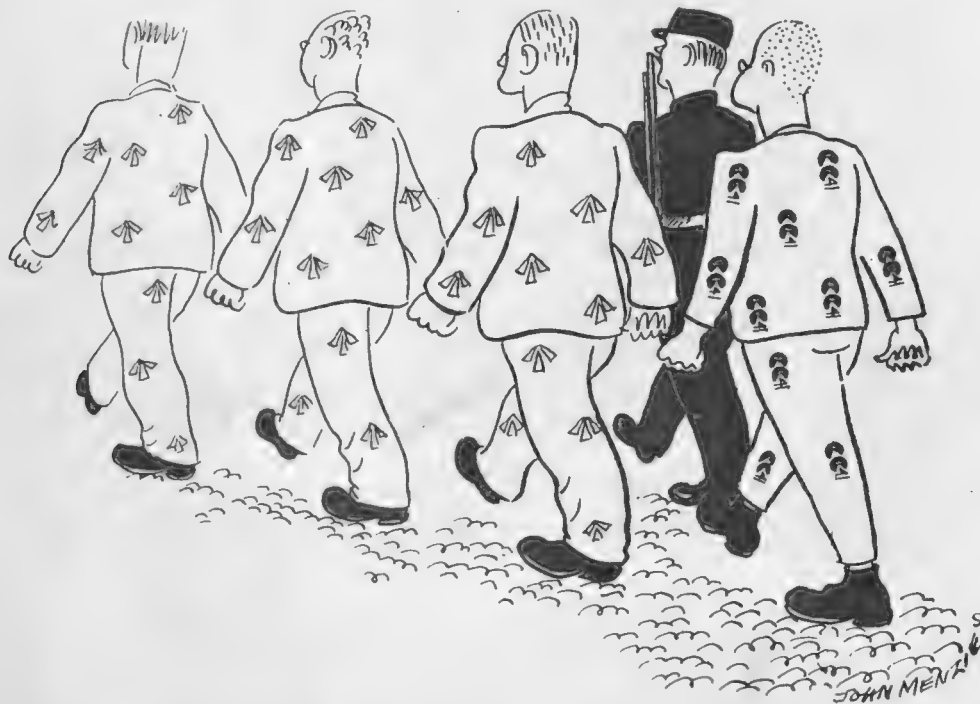
So this outsider we know got sidelong looks of embarrassed disapproval and genuine dislike from the Samurai as it champed its vile fodder, blushing hotly to the ears. Frigid voices arose on the air, discussing this and that, elaborately unaware of any unpleasantness. Tall wellbred girls darted an icy look and bent their heads over the garbage on their plates like offended swans. Decent chaps with glassy eyes stared through him into vacancy and picked up a fresh forkful of clinkers. A cloud of hate grew and hung over the entire restaurant. Nevertheless this bounder got what he wanted, and henceforth the food in that hotel may be slightly less odious.

Cad

AN eminent American columnist has been remarking again that the Japanese are lowlife bums, which reminds us of the day we first stumbled on that fact.

It was at the 19th hole of a golfclub where some of the Japanese Embassy used to play, and we were asking one of the little yellow deadpans amiably why his nation made such an issue, in poetry and song, of the great sky-lantern, the moon, which seemed to us—not being in love at the time—a useless fool of a thing. Still smiling politely, with a tiny glint of steel in his little venomous eyes, the Japanese said: "Useless, yes. Absolutely useless. If the moon had any commercial value you people would have grabbed it long ago." We suspected then that the Japanese were cads; not, as some chaps call them, bounders. Do you know the essential difference?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





Miss Joyce Heron : A New Portrait

Joyce Heron is playing a leading role in the latest Ben Travers comedy *She Follows Me About*, at the Garrick Theatre. Her first big success on the London stage was in *Murder Without Crime*, in which she appeared as the glamorous victim in the case of the outsize ottoman. Joyce is the daughter of Colonel G. W. Heron, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., Director of Health and Food Controller in Palestine, and formerly House Physician at the Westminster Hospital. Colonel Heron arrived in this country just in time to be present at his daughter's first night at the Garrick. It was an exciting occasion, for father and daughter had not met for five years, and it was the first time Colonel Heron had had the opportunity of seeing Joyce on the stage.

Hunting People in Wartime

No. 6. Mrs. Cantrell Hubbersty Works for the Red Cross, the R.A.F. and Prisoners of War



*Promising Young Entry
of the Quorn*

Mrs. Cantrell Hubbersty, J.P., O.B.E., wife of Major Cantrell Hubbersty, Master of the Quorn, is one of the most hard-working members of the Leicestershire hunting community. Assistant County Director of the Red Cross, she has turned her home, Ragdale Hall, into the county stores for the equipment of all Red Cross convalescent homes, R.A.F. sick quarters and camp reception stations. In addition she runs a Red Cross clothing centre in Melton Mowbray, and is well known in the county for her work for relatives of wounded and prisoners abroad



Mrs. Hubbersty Fetches Reinforcements from the Stables



Mrs. Richard Blow helps her aunt, Mrs. Cantrell Hubbersty, to deal with some of the 70,000 garments collected for the Red Cross by the people of Leicestershire



A Corner of the Stores at Ragdale Hall



Mrs. Hubbersty's



The Duchess and Her Dog at the Door of Belvoir Lodge

**No. 7. The Duchess of Rutland is President of the
B.R.C. Leicestershire Division**

President of the British Red Cross Leicestershire Division, the Duchess of Rutland is also organiser of the Rural Penny-a-Week Fund. Her eldest son, the Duke of Rutland, who is Joint-Master of the Belvoir is serving in the Grenadier Guards, her second son in the Life Guards, and the youngest is at present in a training camp. Their home, Belvoir Castle, is given over to war purposes, and the Duchess is now living in Belvoir Lodge



The Duchess of Rutland Deals with Her Correspondence in Her Office



Shop in Melton Mowbray

Men of a R.A.A.F. Squadron

By Olive Snell



GROUP CAPTAIN.
H.I. EDWARDS. V.C. D.S.O. D.F.C.

G/Capt. Hughie Idwal Edwards, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., comes from Western Australia. He has taken part in many low-height bombing attacks on enemy territory and shipping targets, at all times displaying great leadership and gallantry of the highest order. He was awarded the V.C. in 1941 for most conspicuous bravery



P/O. Robert Christian Dunstan, who lost a leg while serving as a soldier in Libya, has recently been commissioned in the R.A.A.F., and previously as a Lancaster air-gunner had made more than twenty trips over enemy territory. He is twenty years old



F/Sgt. Daniel Rees, C.G.M., won his award for displaying superb skill while flying an aircraft detailed for an operation against Milan, and for successfully bringing a damaged bomber to base after attacking Peenemunde in August this year



W/Cdr. Francis Alexander Arthur, D.F.C., from New South Wales, is C.O. the Squadron, and the first navigator to command a R.A.A.F. Lancaster squadron in the United Kingdom. He has completed his second tour of operations, the first having been completed in the Middle East



S/Ldr. Kenneth David Baird, D.F.C., is a Flight Commander, and not long ago completed his second tour of operations. His home is Ballarat, Victoria



F/Sgt. E. H. Magnus, another pilot of the Squadron, whose home town is Sydney, is a prominent figure in sporting circles in Australia

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Great Spy-Catcher

THERE may be—in fact, we can take it that there are—some brains in the Department of Naval Intelligence as good as those of the late Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, but it is equally certain that there can be none better. The reason why it is said that there are these brains available, is because they declined to run the risk of the German General Staff being able to use the best German brain of the last war, which is still quite active enough to prove itself the best German one of this war. Sir Reginald Hall caught Von

Rintelen was not commanding that squadron, for he would have checked and counter-checked that message before pulling up his hook. He tells us in his book how he believes the trap could have been avoided, or, at any rate, been rendered less deadly. Rintelen says that he would have sacrificed one of his cruisers by sinking her by the fairway of the inlet in which Sturdee's squadron was coaling, and then gone away into the blue with his other four ships, all of them fast enough to catch pigeons. With the example of the Emden before us, we know what might have happened to our com-



Johnson, Oxford

Rugby Expressions

Grim determination is shown by A. Gwynne Williams (in possession of the ball) while playing for King's College against Oxford University on the Ifley Road Rugby ground at Oxford. King's won by 6 points to 3

merce if these ships had managed to delay the pursuit, as Rintelen very rightly says they could have done, if there had been a bit of quick thinking. So, perhaps, Sir Reginald Hall's capture of Rintelen was, after all, one of his best achievements. It had been preceded by the capture of the German secret code, which, this fact notwithstanding, Boy Ed and Von Papen went on using quite gaily, even after being told that it was no longer secret.

Stolen Horses

IT is highly probable that the Stewards of the Jockey Club and the British Bloodstock Breeders' Association will have taken full cognizance of the information concerning the recent bloodstock sales in Berlin vouchsafed to us by Reuter's correspondent in Stockholm, and also that other august bodies, not immediately connected with racing, will have noted the high prices paid for yearlings and will have docketed them for future reference against the time when the German is at our feet, as

(Concluded on page 180)

Rugby Players at Merchiston Castle School, Scotland

D. R. Stuart

These seventeen boys were "possibles" for the Merchiston Rugby XV., which had not been finally chosen at the time of the photograph. The captain, J. L. Leckie, is seventeen and 6 ft. 6 in. in height. In front: J. B. Finlay, D. M. J. Henderson, G. Boyd. Sitting: K. S. Scott, I. N. Duthie, H. C. Honeyman, J. L. Leckie (captain), J. Dunn, C. S. Nisbet. Standing: J. I. Forsyth, A. W. Ure, G. I. Slater, C. D. Nichol, D. A. Osborne, J. A. Robertson, R. Young, E. D. Acheson, N. Colyer (coach and games master)

Rintelen last time; his successors in office did quite right in refusing to turn him loose this time! Von Rintelen has no cause to love Hitler, and not much more to love Germany, but he is still a German, and as such, if his country called upon him in her extremity, his fighting spirit would impel him to help her. He could buy and sell every one they have on the German General Staff to-day, and also anyone who has been on it during this war, including Von Brauchitsch, who long ago gave Hitler the best advice he has ever had, namely, to get out of Russia, and was sacked for his pains; Zeitzler, the present white-haired boy, who, incidentally, would sell Hitler to-morrow if he considered the price was right; Von Keitel, and the whole-boiling of them.

Von Rintelen v. Von Spee

CATCHING Von Rintelen was not Sir Reginald Hall's greatest coup, for his catching Admiral Von Spee put it in the shade; and yet Rintelen, as he let slip in that intriguing book *The Dark Invader*, somehow links up with Von Spee. As is probably well known, when the German admiral got those orders in Valparaiso to go full split round the Horn to the Falklands and destroy the wireless and coaling station, they did not come from the Admiralstab in Berlin, but from Sir Reginald Hall, per one of his clever young men in the German capital, on the very form and in the supposedly "secret" code. Von Spee swallowed it hook, line and sinker. I think we were very lucky that



Essex Christening

Rosemary Jane, daughter of Capt. T. N. Pearce, R.A., former Essex County Cricket Club captain and Middlesex Rugby player, and Mrs. Pearce, was christened at the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Chelmsford



Escaped from Italy

Lt. Mark Bonham-Carter and Major Thomas Pierce Butler, both in the Grenadier Guards, recently arrived in England after their escape from an Italian prison camp. Mr. Bonham-Carter is Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's son

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the Prime Minister has warned us he will be when he realises that his chance of being at our throats has disappeared. Nothing is more certain than that, when the German has been forced to accept unconditional surrender, he will come cringing and snivelling for money for his "starving wife and children," exactly as he did after the last war. Then we were stupid enough to be hoodwinked by his bare-faced chicanery, and we disbelieved those who told us that his Winterhilfe was just a racket. Those 500 milliarden mark notes, of which I brought away many specimens from Berlin in 1920, were all a part of this elaborately staged performance. Berlin may then have been in need of a lick of paint, but emphatically she was not starving. At the present juncture this is even more true. Under the Hitler régime this "winter help" has developed into a howling scandal. Millions of marks have been filched from Hitler's deluded followers for "winter charity," but every pfennig of this has gone into armaments and party funds. It is a patent ramp. There is no unemployment in Germany. They can also, as we see, afford to pay £5000 for a yearling, progeny of a stolen sire and dam, who have, let us trust, no chance whatever of admission to the British Thoroughbred Stud Book, and are, therefore, valueless outside Germany, and also eventually inside that sub-human country.

Lord Rosebery's Warning

At the meeting of the British Bloodstock Breeders' Association in March of this year, the President, the Earl of Rosebery, said: "When this war ends there will be numerous difficulties with regard to the eligibility of names of horses and mares to be entered in this book (The British Thoroughbred Stud Book). For instance, I have been credibly informed that a number of mares, some of them of the highest class, and one of them a classic winner, have been commandeered to make a stud for Ribbentrop, who is, I am told, racing in France, having assumed a very well-known name on the Continent. I cannot believe that these animals will be admitted to The British Stud Book, at any rate until they are restored to their rightful owners." If this means anything at all, it must mean that all the progeny of these "commandeered" animals are for ever barred, and let us hope

that it will mean something even more than this, namely, that any animal bred in the enemy countries, Germany, Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, will be *ipso facto* disqualified from coming here upon a foray for plunder, or to any place where the Rules of the Jockey Club, and all its affiliated organisations, may run.

A Suggestion

With all due submission, I suggest to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that, in view of these recent happenings at the Bloodstock Sales in Berlin, and of the collateral evidence referred to by Lord Rosebery, it is highly desirable that Rule 69 and its subsections ("Foreign Horses" and their certificates of identity) be suspended, and that a new rule banning all foreign horses—*i.e.*, all animals from enemy countries—until such time as, in the judgment of the Stewards, Rule 69

can be reinstated without danger. It is obviously desirable that the horse thieves should be deprived of the opportunity of profit from their plunder. The Germans laughed at us when we swallowed their pitiful tale in 1919 and onwards; they will laugh still louder if we fall for the same trick a second time.

The 1944 Derby Betting

There is, at any rate, one undaunted Genius of the Ring who declines to believe that anything that may happen in January and March is going to put a stopper on next year's Derby, for here are his quotations: 6—1 Orestes, 10—1 Happy Landing, 10—1 Fair Fame, 10—1 Tudor Maid, 10—1 Fair Glint, 16—1 Effervescence, 16—1 Blue Moon, 20—1 bar these. "Charles" says nothing about Gustator, who, I think, is as much entitled to a figure as are Orestes and Happy Landing.



Racegoers at Leopardstown, Dublin

Mrs. Hugh Delmege and Mr. Ernest Bellaney (a Steward of the Irish Turf Club and well-known breeder) watched Mr. A. V. Rank's First of the Dandies win the Arklow Plate



Poole, Dublin

Mr. P. F. Cannon, who is the Irish Turf Club starter, was chatting to Mr. Justice Maguire and his wife. Mr. Maguire is President of the High Court of Eire



Officers of a Royal Marine Brigade H.Q.

Front row: Capt. J. W. H. Petrocochino, Major T. M. Gray, the Brigadier, Capts. A. H. I. Satow, J. Bolingbroke. Back row: Capt. E. G. Newby (R.E.M.E.), Lts. M. Callow, P. K. W. Johnson, Capts. D. N. Miller, G. E. Ranken (R.A.S.C.), Lt. H. D. Liddell

F. D. Frisby



Officers of an Accountant Department of a R.N. Air Station

Sitting: 3rd Off. J. F. D. Bowen, W.R.N.S.; Pay-Lt. E. H. Taylor, R.N.V.R.; Pay-Cdr. E. N. R. Fletcher, O.B.E.; Pay-Lt. W. M. Elderton, R.N.; 3rd Off. H. Layton, W.R.N.S. Standing: Mr. E. R. Tipple, commissioned supply officer, R.N.; 3rd Off. G. D. Raleigh, W.R.N.S.; Mr. H. R. N. Bartholomew, warrant writer, R.N.; Pay-Lt. F. L. Pritchard, R.N.V.R.; 3rd Off. P. M. Allenby, W.R.N.S.; Mr. A. P. Groves, warrant supply officer, R.N.

D. R. Stuart



This Side Up With Care

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Taking a torpedo on board a submarine is no sinecure. To lower this delicate piece of mechanism safely down the forehatch, great care must be taken; the slightest damage or dent to the torpedo will check it from running true on to its target. The submarine here seen in a spot of bother is tied up alongside its depot ship, which acts, so to speak, as a floating foster-mother. After weeks of patrol, submerged by day and surfacing only at night, a spell of rest and comfort in the depot ship is very welcome. Each crew has its own mess, each man his own locker. The jobs of refuelling, revictualling, battery-charging and repairs are done by the crew of the depot ship, which is elaborately equipped with all kinds of technical apparatus, such as a foundry and coppersmith's, plumber's and carpenter's shops

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Huntresses

HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS (Macmillan, 15s.) is the story of Caroline Mytinger and her friend Margaret, who, "in spite of all their friends could say," took ship from the U.S.A. in pursuit of primitive types—their specification was Melanesians. Their object (as the nicely misleading title does not suggest) was not to decapitate, after the local custom, but to paint portraits. Though they did not confine their tour, which lasted four years, to the Solomon Islands, their adventures there fill the main part of the book. The time, of course, was pre-war; the exact dates are not given, but we know that the girls were safe back home and had reclaimed their pictures (which they feared lost in an earthquake) by 1937.

The intrepid pair missed the major Rabaul disaster, but a minor earthquake and a strike marked their stay. This New Guinea climax, on top of all that had occurred in the Solomons, confirms my view that the girls were enchanting Jonahs. Epidemics, conflagrations and hurricanes followed in their wake. Something happened almost immediately they arrived anywhere; so much so that I wondered why superstition did not begin to attach to any visit of theirs. With the Melanesians it no doubt did (it attached, without fail, to everything with the Melanesians), but the girls' white planter hosts seem not to have turned a hair. It is true that young ladies of any kind were unknown in the Islands, and that these two were dazzling. A glance at Miss Mytinger's photograph, on the inside of the wrapper, explains much, while her friend Margaret, of the ukulele, by all accounts blazed a trail across lonely masculine hearts.

Through the good offices of their friend, Capt. Voy, of the Mataram, the young Americans were introduced and invited all over the Solomons. Whether or not they brought bad luck, they were ideal guests. And one did need to be, for, as Miss Mytinger says, there could be no question of sending oneself a telegram if a visit did not seem to be going well. One was dumped somewhere—off a steamer, off a launch—with the clear understanding that one could not be collected again for six weeks. One might, as they did, begin a visit by being literally hurled through surf, in the pitch dark, to arrive on all fours on the beach at one's unknown hostess's feet. You had got to like each other, and, happily, always did. Hotels could be ruled right out: there were no hotels.

Ruling Passion

THE copra-growers' lives were not merry ones: Miss Mytinger pays awe and generous tribute to their power of living them at all. In each charmless, tin-roofed house, set up from a beach and walled in on three sides by the coconut groves, one existed for months together in isolation. "Sail-o!" was a welcome, but rare, cry. However, social pleasure

(although they did extract this, and their accounts of parties are really divinely funny) was not the travellers' objective. Miss Mytinger was serious, even passionate, in her determination to capture pure racial types. Everything other than painting was an off-time. She had prepared herself for this expedition by a very thorough study of anthropology, and her grasp of anatomy was above mere art-class level; she had worked for some time in the dissecting-room. And, not least important, she could paint—as photographs of her Melanesian pictures, throughout *Headhunting in the Solomon Islands*, show. For this fine command of her art, apart from everything else, one could take off one's hat to her.

But her enterprisingness also is spectacular. In starting out at all, she and Margaret were taking a big chance. Funds were low: they relied on working their passages, and maintaining themselves during any stop, by painting portraits to order as they went along. This worked out only up to a point. Their fellow-passengers on the Mataram were, for instance, either hangover-ridden or right out of pocket; they were almost all going back at the end of leave. In fact, how Miss Mytinger paid for all that tobacco with which to bribe Melanesian sitters I do not know. These sitters had also to be kept quiet by Margaret's ukulele playing, conversation or tact. Endurance backed up the enterprise. Steamy heat that never let up, insect bites, island sores, fish mouth, malaria, Shanghai feet and dysentery did not spare the girls.

On the subject of the Melanesians themselves, Miss Mytinger writes, I think, quite brilliantly.



F. A. Don

Miss Agatha Christie, Dispenser

Miss Agatha Christie, author and dramatist, one of our best-known writers of thrillers and the creator of the Hercule Poirot series, is working in the dispensary of University College Hospital, London. She qualified as a dispenser by gaining the Society of Apothecaries' certificate, and finds her work not only interesting but useful in writing authoritatively on the gruesome problems of the characters she creates so well.

She captures, in not more than a page or two, the atmosphere of each community that she visited. She leaves the more devious and intimate habits of this race to graver writers, keeping to what she saw, and to what, one might say, she took in by some sixth sense. Her first native sitter was a putative murderer, her most

amusing one the vivacious Dogaru, lady with a past. The "Maries" (Melanesian ladies) are, by turns, long-suffering and capricious; the human pack-mule becomes, in one second, the prima donna. On the whole, I don't think the Melanesians struck the girls as being much funnier than the British. It took Kieta to show the British most true to form.

It seems to me hardly fair that Miss Mytinger, being a painter, should also write as well as she does. But this does not make me less grateful to her for the pleasure *Headhunting in the Solomon Islands* gave me. Racy, vivid, exciting, intelligent and un-facetiously funny, this seems too good a book to keep to yourself—you will want to read it aloud to your best friend.

Through German Eyes

"A GAINST THE TIDE," by Armin Westermolt (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.), is not a novel to read purely for pleasure, but, all the same, it is a novel to read. Herr Westermolt, now a refugee in England, writes in the first person and gives his hero his own name. He presents a young German who, more than ten years ago, got to know England, and saw her point, though he was not blind to her

(Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

MY nature, I suppose, is pastel-shaded, of an "off" rather than a primary colour. I don't like extremes. I am uncomfortable with violence. I dislike the loud-pedal, metaphorical or otherwise. It doesn't suit me. On the rare occasions when I have completely lost my temper, I have had to retire to bed with a headache. And that is no suitable victory for any "righteousness." I don't even care for an excess of virtue. In August I say to myself, "This is summer!" and try to like it. In mid-winter I say to myself, "This is winter!" and I know I hate it! Spring and autumn, therefore, are my seasons, and of the two I think I prefer autumn.

Maybe it is all a question of being less fearful of a code-in-de-nose than of pimples, I don't know. All I know is that in autumn, forgetting all about the war, of course, life becomes much cosier. You don't feel it incumbent upon you to rush outside every time the sun shines. You are only haunted by the problem of Christmas, which is, usually, infinitely easier to solve than summer holidays. The poppers-in don't fall upon your peace to devour it so much in autumn. Spring, on the other hand, fills the biggest bore with wanderlust. April makes you yearn to be twenty years younger, and so makes you feel twenty years older. November feelings are upheld by the prospect of hot-water bottles. Spring urges you to go forth and do things. Autumn seems to bring you back to enjoy the laziness of your own company.

Even the countryside is more gorgeously colourful in autumn. It may, the duller moralists are always ready to point out, convey a hint of your own creeping decay, yet, on the other hand, if your fading glory be symbolised in crimson and gold, you are probably enjoying life far more contentedly than when you were so young and innocent as to be unsafe. Besides, an autumn fire is a friendly thing, which spring-cleaning certainly is not. I like the subtle intimacy of autumn evenings, and, since I do not suffer from either chilblains or bunions, the spectre of January leaves me comparatively unafraid. June makes you look shabby and feel worse. Were I a millionaire I would like to chase both autumn and spring around the world. I would not waste my Mays in any big city. And in November I would come to rest near woods. So long as I were not too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter, Fate could otherwise push me where it willed.

At the moment, I can happily go forth to stand entranced before a belt of trees which, in their colourful glory, tinged by a golden sunlight, are so lovely that any memory of spring beauty seems to be obliterated from my mind. And when the sun has sunk below the horizon (the war being presumed over, of course) I shall thrill to the excitement of unread books, of music, of friendship, of a less interrupted personal life, each delight warmed by a blazing fire and ending in that beatitude which, the colder the air becomes, achieves something so much more "understanding" than a mere bed.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Tweddle — Ward

Alistair R. Scott Tweddle, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Tweddle, of Southdown, Cheam, married Pamela Charlotte Ward, only child of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Kent Ward, of Edgbaston, and Estoril, Banstead, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cheam



Flint — Terry

Francis M. Russell Flint, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.A., P.R.W.S., and Mrs. Russell Flint, married Elizabeth Terry, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Terry, of The Lynch, Goodwick, Pembrokeshire, at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington



McKenzie — Platt

Lt./Cdr. Roderick F. McKenzie, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McKenzie, of Wimbledon Park, S.W., and Mrs. Daphne Platt, widow of Major C. J. Platt, and daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Schroder, of Strathcarron, Ross-shire, were married quietly in London



Corbally — Tudsbury

Major Patrick Corbally, The Royal Ulster Rifles, elder son of the late Capt. L. Corbally and Mrs. Corbally, of Avon Dassett, Warwickshire, married Diana Tudsbury, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. T. Tudsbury, of Lympstone, Devon, at Brompton Oratory



Roberts — Leslie

Lt. David Leslie Roberts, R.A., son of the late Sydney C. Roberts and Mrs. D. M. Greenfield, of Bromley, Kent, married Joan Mary Leslie, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. W. Leslie, of Penzance, Cornwall, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Alexander — Henderson

Edward Murray Mayne Alexander, of Red House, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, and 63, Pont Street, S.W., and Mrs. Phyllis Irene Hazel Henderson, of 2, Lyall Street, S.W., were married at Chelsea Register Office



Davies — Madeley

Anthony I. O. Davies, son of the late Anthony I. O. Davies, of Las Palmas, Canary Islands, and Mrs. Helen Davies, married Gillian Hamilton Madeley, only child of Major and Mrs. G. H. Madeley, of Grey Gables, Truro, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Duffin — Upton

Charles John Riddell Duffin, Scots Guards, son of Major and Mrs. C. G. Duffin, of Ardleeuan, Dunmurry, Belfast, married Florence A. P. Upton, daughter of the late J. H. Upton and Mrs. Upton, of Barbon, Westmorland, and Dolphin Square, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Dix Hamilton — Woodburn

Capt. Michael L. Dix Hamilton, The Lovat Scouts, son of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. Hamilton Dix, married Mabel (Brownie) Woodburn, daughter of Dr. W. Y. Woodburn and the late Lady Mabel Woodburn, and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Colomb, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 169)

very rare and dates back as far as the sixteenth century. Exquisite pieces have been given by Lady Wigram, Lady Hudson, Lady Dunsany, Mrs. Coningsby D'Israeli and Lady Maud Hoare.

Tea Dance

A BIG crowd forgathered for the tea dance in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. Lord Ormonde had written some verses which he called "Our Men Behind the Wire" specially for the occasion, and copies were on sale during the afternoon.

One verse runs like this:

We shall not fail them, our men behind the wire,
But work untiring to alleviate their lot,
And earn the greatest honour to which we can aspire
From what we have to give what they have not.

Lady Cromer was president of the committee which organised a cabaret directed by Mrs. Howard Wyndham. Miss Gaynor Lewis and Mr. Jack Wing sang, while twelve-year-old Peggy Evans danced. Lady Ormonde had a table and sat with Lady Waddilove and her sister, Miss le Grove, and Mrs. Norman Crowther. Lord Bennett was there; so were Lady Rosslyn and the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, who ran a Bran Tub which proved to be one of the great attractions of the afternoon.

Sixty Thousand Free Seats

OPENING to-night at the London Palladium for a short season is Irving Berlin's show, *This Is the Army*, which earned £500,000 for American war charities on the other side.

Sixty thousand Servicemen in London will get free seats for the show during its run, and probably many more when it is presented in the provinces. Written originally for the U.S. War Department, and first produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York City, *This Is the Army* has a cast of 169 American soldiers—and one civilian, Irving Berlin himself. Included in their ranks are their own stage hands, programme-sellers, ticket-takers, managers, Press agents, clerks, doctors, make-up men, stage managers, etc. All the money made over here is to go to British Service funds, so it is a great opportunity for everyone who can make it.

Theatre Flashes

ARTHUR RISCOE is going into theatre management—he is reviving his old favourite, *Jill, Darling*; a new Agatha Christie thriller, *Ten Little Niggers*, is due at St. James's Theatre on the 17th of the month; Pat Taylor will appear in a role made famous by the late Clara Butterworth when *The Lilac Domino* comes to town; Evelyn Laye will be Principal Boy in the West End for the first time in her career this year when she appears in *Cinderella* at His Majesty's—her husband, Capt. Frank Lawton, is now overseas; another London Principal Boy will be Pat Kirkwood, at the Coliseum in *Humpty Dumpty* with Nervo and Knox (the pony-chaise belonging to the late Marie Corelli, and which her two Shetlands, Puck and Ariel, used to pull round Stratford, has been bought by Mr. Emile Littler for this production.



Chelsea Pensioners Form Guard of Honour

When Miss Jacobine Napier Menzies-Wilson was married at the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to Capt. John Hitchens, R.A., a guard of honour was formed by pensioners in their colourful uniform. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Menzies-Wilson, of Cranford St. John, Northamptonshire. Her husband is the eldest son of the late Mr. W. L. Hitchens and of Mrs. Hitchens, of North Aston Hall, Oxford

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

faults. He wished, passionately, that the understanding of England at which he had arrived should be shared by his own country. Full of hope that he might be able to accomplish something, he returned to Germany to become the head of the new English Department at Berlin University.

But already the tide of National Socialism was nearing its full. The effects on the University were grotesque, and on the private lives of himself and his friends tragic. The impression this changing Germany made on the home-comer, and on his young wife, is described. Incident after incident puzzled, then frightened them. He shows everyday life poisoned, and shows this poison working specially in the young. His students were an unattractive melange of priggishness and insanity. (The outstanding thing about Germans seems to be priggishness: we may learn to manipulate this, we cannot hope to cure it.)

When life at home has become more or less intolerable—though worse is to follow—the young couple spend a summer in England. Their visit to Colonel and Mrs. Hemingway, at Creech, is good comedy, though with a sad undertone. This English amiable, orderly pottering, this enjoyment of existence for its own sake, is incomprehensible to the strung-up young Germans. After a slow-motion survey of the Colonel's delightful garden, Westerholt observes:

"We don't do much gardening in our country."

"Don't you? But what do you do in your spare time?" For the first time he looked at me with real interest.

Yes, what did we do in our spare time? I had never asked myself that question before.

"Well, things that matter," I brought out, after a pause.

"Oh," he said.

Later that day, in their bedroom, the two young Westerholts try to pin down the difference between their own people and these. There is a great deal of talk in the book—inevitably—and the conversations are too abstruse to be lifelike. This fault (at least, from the point of view of the novel-reader, who expects dialogue to be shapely, progressive and crisp) becomes still more marked as the story goes on. Westerholt brings a group of Nazi students to England, and the tour is a debating-club on the move. All the characters, German and English, are, to an extent, types introduced to illustrate different points. These criticisms, were *Against the Tide* merely written to entertain you, could be damning. But this novel aims at a good deal more; to its desperate seriousness we owe respect. It is written without self-pity, but, all the same, it confronts us with some reproaches we ought to face.

Manhattan at War

"THE NEW YORKER WAR ALBUM" (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.) made me laugh more than anything has for a long time. I should hate to think that it needed one touch of war to make the whole world kin, but, undeniably, any remaining gulf between British and American humour does now seem to have narrowed up. Both shores of the Atlantic now feel the stress of war, but equally, under this same stress, human nature exhibits its lovable comic side. However great the hour, our little old idiosyncrasies will crop up. These, as in evidence in to-day's U.S.A., have been immortalised by the *New Yorker* artists.

This year's *Album* shows all our old friends in martial guise. The Peter Arno clubman, seen off by butler and stately, pompadoured wife, issues forth into the night in tin hat and armlet—"If they don't bomb Sutton Place, I'm going to look a damn fool." The perennial Shermund lovesies are, at least at heart, all in the Army now. Gluyas Williams shows feeling sketches of Washington at high pressure—taxiless station, bedless hotel, cafeteria humming with the latest "they says." Those dear stout innocent Helen Hokinson club-women are in their element; the club chandeliers and gilt chairs are, as ever, in place, but now it is—"Miss Whitehead has come to tell us how to entertain sailors." Mary Petty's spindly aristocrats, whose blood runs so bluey thin as to be hardly there, can take it; all the same—"I'd be interested," thunders the gentleman over his morning's letters, "to know who offered to donate a pint of my blood."

American life used to run on well-tyred wheels, so total carelessness is a recurring theme. You must visualise those pre-war ribbons of speedway traffic to savour the full beauty of Robert Day's, "Well, it looks like a buttercup to me." Military operations, in the field or the training camp, have offered many good moments to lively *New Yorker* draftsmen. The *New Yorker Album*, ambassador of mirth, will, I hope, find its welcome in many British homes. You could hardly light on a better Christmas present. But supplies, we are warned, are limited—better buy it now.

Nice People

"THE TWO MRS. ABBOTTS" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) will, I feel, need no pre-recommendation to lovers of D. E. Stevenson's work. Barbara Buncle, as one of the two Mrs. Abbotts, reappears in it. English country and country-town life in wartime is drawn with a cheerful, but not unrealistic, pen. You will sigh for the wretched Lancreste and his appalling blonde, and be interested by the fluffy authoress, formerly purveyor of pulsing sentiment, who has a big revolt and goes tailor-made. I admire the skill with which the cast is assembled; with so few young people at home these days romance might easily flee from the rural scene.



I am the Bomber..

I am the dreadnought of the air. The thunder of my engines heralds the thunder of my bombs. Month by month my numbers grow and step by step my size increases. Willing and determined hands in Britain's Motor Industry help to assemble me, for many of its men and women suffered in those dark days when bombing was the unrestricted mission of the Hun.

When my grim task is over and War gives way to Peace, the Motor Industry of Great Britain has plans to solve many of the pressing problems of employment in the post-war years.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY *Production for Victory*

Everything from the cap down

In the course of making uniforms we have always to consider over 200 different regulations, covering the various Armies, Navies, Air Forces and Women's Services of Britain, of our Empire and of our Allies' fighting forces. Then there are underclothes and accessories which present their own problems, not so rigid, but sufficiently exacting. In our own modest way we have to do quite a lot of dead reckoning in order to keep our uniform service complete.

R.A.F. Jacket and Trousers
from £12 2 6



AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

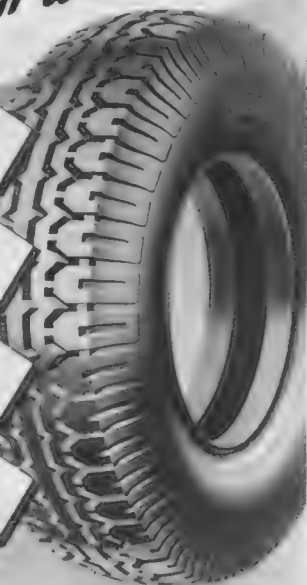
TYRES NEED ALL-ROUND CARE *for maximum war mileage*

WATCH treads for excessive wear
Never run them down to the fabric.

REMOVE embedded flints or glass
from treads at once.

CHECK pressures. Too much air
is as bad as too little.

KEEP below 40 m.p.h. High speed and
hard braking quickly kill tyres.



NORTH BRITISH

MADE BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD.

A Page for Women



The top-coat has come into its own again. Excellence of cut and perfect tailoring are important features of the camel-hair model above. Very interesting are the pleats over the shoulders and the soft collar. Jenners, Edinburgh

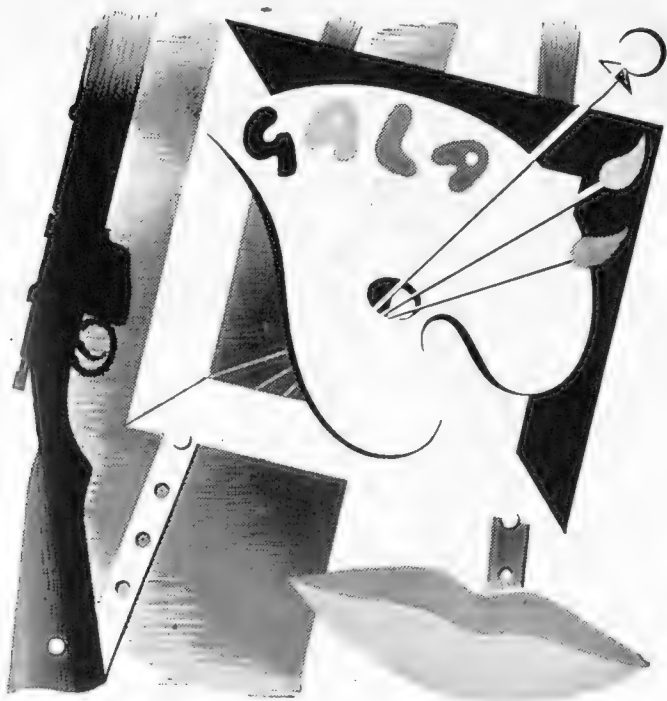
This ensemble is much to be desired. It has a black skirt, the bodice being covered with medallions of many colours. The jacket is lined to harmonise. Corot, Old Bond Street



A new woolly material makes this coat. Buttons and stitched revers are as becoming to the younger as the older woman. It may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Liberty

ECONOMIES IN WARTIME





Colour The artist lays aside his rifle to paint the lovely English landscape for which he fights—and women too, artists in their own way, work, serve, and remain beautiful. And Gala is a lipstick that contributes much to this wartime beauty of ours, for its colours are rich and permanent, its texture is creamy, it flows smoothly on to the lips, and it seldom requires retouching.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

Gala

GALA LIPSTICK, 5/3 • REFILLS (FIT ALMOST ANY CASE), 2/11
GALA FACIAL CREAM, 5/3 • GALA POWDER, 5/3



PRACTICAL cosy Sheepskin coat worn with the fur inside—in deep rose or green suede finished leather with fur side tinted to tone. To fit Bust Sizes: 36"—40".

(15 coupons) £29.19.0

Sportswear . . . 1st floor.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge



Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1 SLOane 3440

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

FOUR men who were to be sent abroad at short notice took French leave and left the camp for a few hours to say good-bye to their families.

At the London terminus they were caught by a ticket collector who wanted to see the railway vouchers which they did not possess.

He was about to call the military police when a burly sergeant of another regiment asked what the trouble was, and said he would put the men under arrest.

Ordering them to fall in, he marched them through the barrier. Once out of sight of the ticket collector he dismissed them and told them to buzz off.

They started to thank him, but he cut them short. "That's all right, chums. It was the only way I could get past the barrier myself. I hadn't a rail voucher either."

THE night the U.S. marines landed in the Solomons, a marine sergeant in a San Francisco café was praising his corps to the skies. An army captain finally interrupted.

"Don't forget," he said, "that when a marine goes into battle there are ten soldiers on one side of him and ten sailors on the other."

The marine raised himself to his full six feet one and came to attention.

"Sir," he retorted, "that's the proper proportion."

A YOUNG recruit stood on guard with fixed bayonet when a shadowy figure appeared.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Ribbentrop," was the reply.

The sentry threw down his rifle with a cry of delighted surprise:—

"Why, you're the fellow they're all looking for! Wait a minute and I'll tell the sergeant."



Yevonde

Entertaining the Troops

Miss Judy Shirley, well known on stage and radio, has been in the Middle East entertaining Allied troops out there since last May. In private life, Miss Shirley is the wife of Mr. John Agnew, whose family is connected with Bradbury, Agnew and Co., the proprietors of "Punch"

A VISITOR sightseeing in New York City fell into conversation with a Negro who began to point out places of interest with enthusiastic civic pride. As they approached a courthouse, the self-appointed guide proclaimed:—

"And that am the place where they dispense with justice!"

A BURGLAR broke into a millionaire's mansion in the early morning and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps, he took refuge behind a screen where he was forced to remain for a considerable time.

From eight to nine o'clock, the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From nine to ten o'clock the second daughter took her piano lesson. From ten to eleven o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson. From eleven to twelve another son received a lesson on the flute. At a quarter-past twelve all the brothers and sisters assembled together and studied an ear-splitting piece for voice, piano, violin and flute.

The burglar staggered from behind the screen at a quarter to one, and falling at their feet, cried: "For heaven's sake, send for the police!"

THE scene was the customs office of a Mexican entry port, and a pretty American girl was having her luggage checked. She was on her way to marry a Mexican boy and to visit some American friends who had a large family of small children. American shoes are expensive in Mexico, so her friends had asked her to bring down assorted footgear for the children.

The Mexican official lined up the shoes on the top of her trunk and was writing out a bill of duty on them. The girl protested, but she knew no Mexican and the official knew no other language than his own. A bystander intervened and the customs official explained that the lady's papers showed that she was unmarried and hence the shoes could not be her personal effects. The interpreter explained that the lady was unmarried—but she was coming to Mexico to get married.

Beaming at her, without a second's hesitation he tore up the bill, bowed and said: "You Americans, yes, you Americans are a very practical people."

PAPER HAS MANY USES IN TIME OF WAR. IT IS YOUR DUTY TO SAVE IT FOR SALVAGE



Pomeroy

still serves Beauty

The loveliness of Edwardian women was world-famous.

Pomeroy served beauty then as it does today.

Joy in her eyes, and in her movement grace;

All youth and beauty wedded in her face

JEANNETTE POMEROY

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

27 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

POMEROY DAY CREAM

POMEROY BEAUTY MILK

POMEROY LIPSTICK

POMEROY CLEANSING CREAM

POMEROY POWDER

Prices from 2/10 to 16/6

★

Inclusive of Purchase Tax

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



BURBERRYS

"Burberrys," the registered trade name, is British, but knows no borders in its fame—and only knows one limit to the quality of the clothes that bear its name—the best.

In war, as in peace, "Burberrys" is a front line term for Services Equipment to the United Forces. Weatherproofs, Greatcoats and Uniforms are Burberrys contribution in a vital war of supply.

Burberrys take just pride in sharing in the united effort to ultimate Victory for the United Nations.

Agents in all principal towns

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.1

How can skin be clear
and eyes sparkling if
toxins clog the blood?
Beauty's rule is —



— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

NO better name for the inventor of a big and bulging bomb can be conceived than that of Colonel Dumplinger who, according to a Swedish newspaper, has invented a new weapon for use by the Germans against the Allies. No details are given of this new bomb, but the thing that certainly puzzles the ordinary aviator is how it comes about that he is still required to fly his explosives about the world. He is puzzled that the means have not yet been found for enabling the explosives to fly themselves and therefore he tends to wonder whether the dump-lings of Dumplinger are winged, automatic and self-directing.

Much greater marvels than a bomb with wings on carrying its own propellant, directed by radio, and capable of hounding down its own prey, have already been invented and used in this war. How comes it then that in order to deliver a few tons of explosive an air crew must still be elaborately trained, must be borne aloft in a vast and complicated machine, furnished with a lavishness which exceeds by far that of the Victorian drawing-room, and must then take appalling risks in order to hit the target? Why not the fleet of winged bombs directed from some central control room, fifty feet underground, by some old and dehydrated scientific worker? It is almost inconceivable that this war of mechanics has failed to produce the robot flying explosive or robomb.

My only explanation is that the scientific workers are really nice, kind, old men interested in education and housing in just the way they always pretend to be and that they simply will not turn their minds to anything so nasty. Anyhow, if one of the Allied



D. R. Stuart

Guard Dogs and Their Trainers at a R.A.F. Station

Mr. A. C. Patchett and "Karl," F/Lt. Phillips (Senior Administration Officer), L.A.C. Milne and "Sporan," W/Cdr. F. F. S. Mattingley (Commanding Officer), Mr. A. C. Davison and "Flash," F/O A. T. G. Owen (Adjutant), L.A.C. McMillan and "Bruce"

governments wants a robomb and will provide me with a private room, a pen and a few half sheets of notepaper I will design it for them within a week.

Fighter Boost

I SEE that my friend Peter Masefield let the cat out of the bag the other day about the soft-drink habit in American fighter aircraft. They carry about with them a considerable tank containing nothing more dangerous than water. And when the moment comes when they need an extra push they turn on the tap, the water squirts into the cylinders of the engine, cools them down and enables a higher boost to be used. As most drinkers will know, there is no virtue in the water itself. It contains no heat value. It merely keeps the engine cool enough while a high boost is being used. If that special cooling were not provided plugs, pistons, and possibly other parts, would melt.

The extra boost cannot be applied for any long period, but it gives an additional fifteen miles an hour while the going is good and that may be useful.

The idea is as old as motor racing and I do not myself think that it is in the least final. I believe other devices will come along which will improve on this scheme. After all, water does not often hold its popularity for any length of time. Where I think we have to be appreciative is of the quickness of the Americans in taking advantage in a practical manner of this well-known feature of petrol engines and of giving people like the Thunderbolt pilots a chance to bring out that little extra which the others have not got.

New Ways

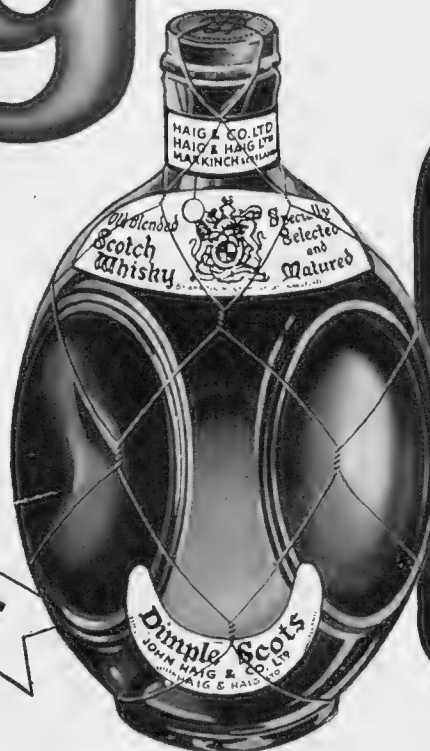
AS these notes seem to be concentrating this week on novelties I should like to refer to one other report. It came from Germany on October 6 and it gave what appeared to be circumstantial details of a new British "hedge-hopping" aircraft which had been making low-level attacks.

The authorities are so careful to keep me in complete ignorance of all new designs that for all I know the German report may be right. I can only say that I have not yet seen one of these new machines and that it is difficult to visualise the kind of special design one would get out if the machine were required especially for low-level attack. This kind of machine has been tried many times and I did quite a lot of flying in the Sopwith Salamander and the Vickers Vampire of about 1918, both of them intended for low-level attack work. But in spite of repeated attempts the specialised low-level attack machine has not yet appeared in this country. Presumably the Russians would claim that their Stormovik is a complete success and that this is designed from the word go for low-level attack, but it seems to me almost the only aircraft of its type in the world today.

Haig

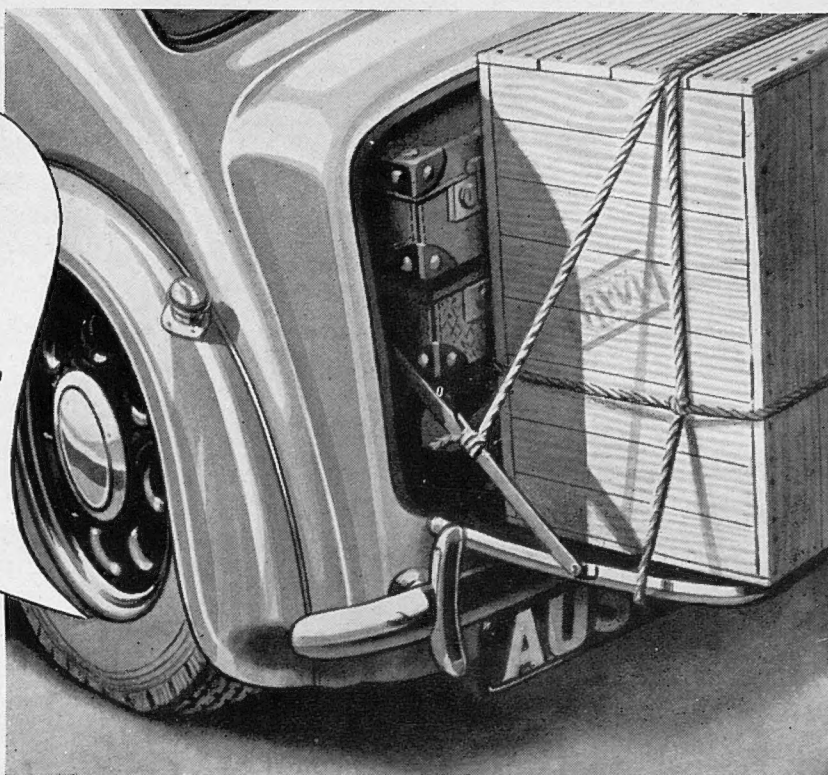
NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



★ FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

"Hey! This
is more than
I can bear!"



Overloading produces localised stresses in tyre walls. Ruptured fabric and broken casings soon result. Over-inflation cannot make up for overloading—it only renders the rubber more liable to cuts. However keen you are to see your Austin give of its utmost in its wartime job, never exceed the load specified for your tyres. Remember, your Austin can take it—but can your tyres?

**HELP YOUR AUSTIN
TO HELP THE COUNTRY**



Read the AUSTIN MAGAZINE—it contains useful tips — 4d monthly • THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

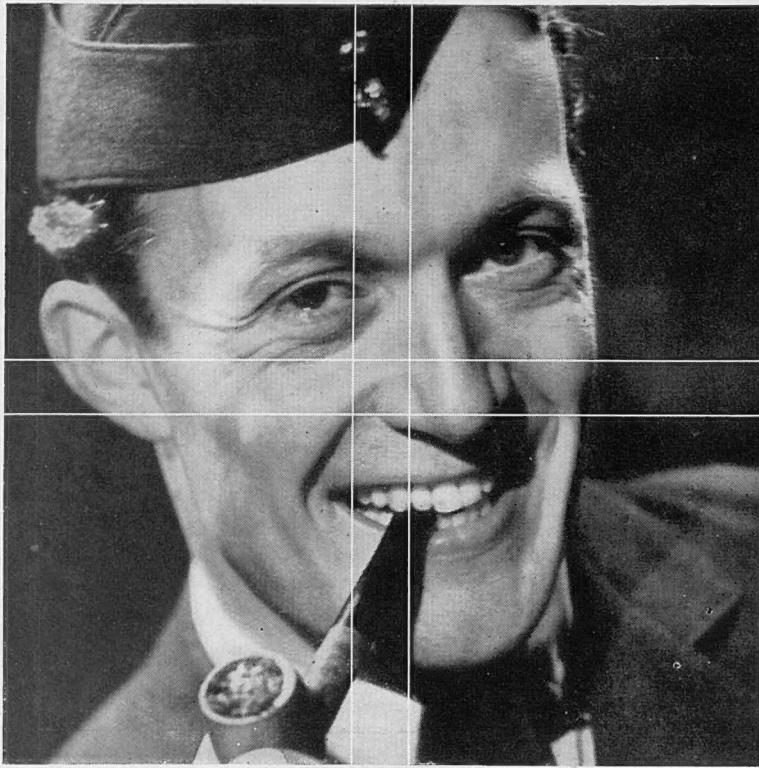
TOTAL WAR EFFORT
demands the withdrawal of
'GOLDEN SHRED'
until the flags fly for
VICTORY

ROBERTSON'S
'Golden Shred'
The World's Best Marmalade

JAMES ROBERTSON AND SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Golden Shred Works - London - Paisley - Manchester - Bristol

ESTB. 1742
WHITBREAD
& CO. LTD.

*Brewers
of ale and stout
for over two centuries*



It's pukka gen

The wallah who put me on to FOUR SQUARE certainly had the pukka gen on baccy. No 'mouth' or 'throat' however much you smoke. Must be something in what he said about FOUR SQUARE being a dandy smoke without artificial scent or flavouring. Anyway, from now on it's FOUR SQUARE for me. Six blends to choose from—

"VIRGINIAS"

RED SQUARES. A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. 'Broken flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting -

per oz. 2/11

BROWN SQUARES. A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour -

per oz. 2/7

YELLOW SQUARES. Similar style to Matured Virginia, but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type -

per oz. 2/7

PURPLE SQUARES. Curlies. The ever popular spun - cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavour - some and long-lasting -

per oz. 2/7

"MIXTURES"

BLUE SQUARES. A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma, but not heady. Medium cut -

per oz. 2/11

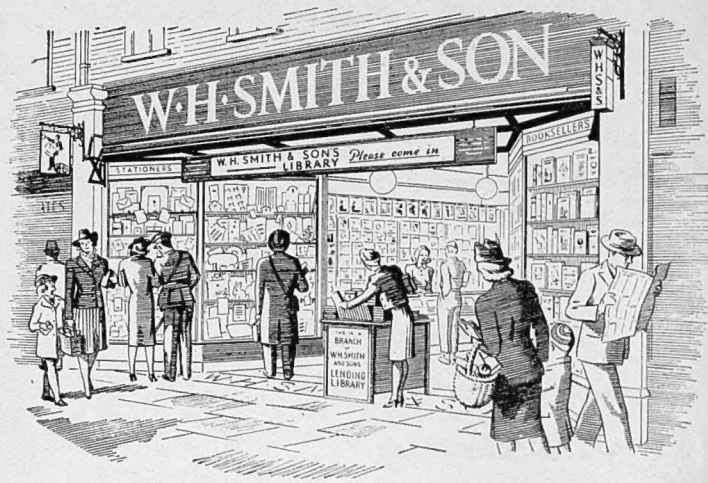
GREEN SQUARES. A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf -

per oz. 2/7

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND



A TIP FOR CHRISTMAS

PROBABLY the bitter-sweet experience of shopping for other wartime Christmas-mases will have taught everybody the wisdom of shopping early. But in case there are customers of W. H. Smith & Son who may be tempted to leave their Christmas shopping until the last minute, we repeat our annual wartime appeal: *please shop early*. There's a book shortage, as there was last Christmas—remember? And a

stationery shortage. And lots of people will be after the books and stationery articles that *you* will want. **START YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW.**

A good way to solve all your gift problems is to give your friends membership tickets for W. H. Smith & Son's Library. For 10/-, £1, or £2 3s. od. (according to the service required) you can give a friend a whole year's reading. Subscriptions for shorter periods are available at slightly higher proportionate rates.

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.
BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BOOKSELLERS

1500 BRANCHES HEAD OFFICE: STRAND HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

"WARDONIA"

SOLD BY



NAAFI

FOR BETTER SHAVES

THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 75 hairs destroyed for 10/6, a 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No scarring. Practically painless. Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagnosis of each case will be given.

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055

175 KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Jacqmar

Newest Printed Slogan Scarves

"Combined Operations"
"Le Courier"
"Don't"
"B.B.C."

55/10d. each. (2 coupons)
Write for Patterns to:

Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1



AFTERNOON GOWN

for the Fuller Figure, distinguished with soft gathers and original button fastening. In heavy moss crêpe, in black, blue or wine. Hip sizes 44-50 ins.

£12.1.2

(7 coupons)

This gown is from our Full Figure Salon, where there is a large selection of specially designed fashions including Gowns, Costumes, and Coats in a variety of materials and styles.

In "Utility" fashions there are Gowns from £2.17.2 and Coats from £4.10.9.

Third Floor

Swan & Edgar LTD.

Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Regent 1616



B.151

M.243



Enquiries:
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
W.1

Agents in West End:

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

TEL.: REGENT 1951



TO the student of heraldry the coat of arms of the Pharmaceutical Society conveys the age-old history of drugs and medicaments. To the chemist it symbolizes the lore of pharmacy through the years and its imprint on his certificate indicates his efficiency. To the general public it guarantees a service that is a vital part of the country's health organization.

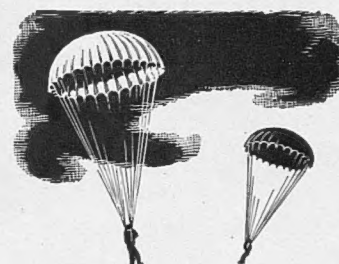
Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

*'Your Braemar looks
so crisp and spry
'A stitch-in-time's*
the reason why'*

★ The Braemar 'Stitch-in-time' Service has already repaired thousands of Braemar garments. So if you have anything made by Braemar that needs a new lease of life just take it along to your nearest Braemar shop and the 'Stitch-in-time' Service will do the rest. Clever patches, darns, and re-shapes are all part of our contribution to the 'mend-and-make-do' movement.

All garments must be sent through a retailer, please!



*There is
an enemy
already within
our midst!*

An enemy that cannot be seen . . . that works insidiously—striking down the rich and the poor—the famous and the lesser known—killing over 70,000 every year. This enemy is CANCER. Our small army is continually fighting against this dread disease . . . helping the countless thousands of sufferers . . . tirelessly carrying on research to reduce the annual toll of 70,000 deaths. But money—more money—is needed to maintain this Crusade. Please send a gift to Secretary.

**The Royal
Cancer
Hospital**

(FREE)

FULHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.3

Shore Leave

... would be incomplete without Dolcis Shoes. Thousands of women already appreciate their perfect comfort, beautiful design and long service, which make them so essential when considering war-time economy



There is a

Dolcis

Shoe Store in every large Town



CHIQUITA